UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Law and Public Opinion

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Where the World War Began

By KIRBY PAGE

Nationalism and Force

By HANS KOHN

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

CONCLUSION

By M. K. GANDHI

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OF INTERNATIONAL INTEREST

November Articles

November 4. Education Towards Communism
Alson H. Robinson
Whether these vast (educational) activities will result in the creation of a communist mind and eventually in a Communist state is wholly problematical. There can, however, be no doubt that in transposing the darkness of the past into the present Light of Knowledge, coming generations all over the world will enjoy an increasing measure of happiness and freedom.

November 11—Religion Under Communism
Alson H. Robinson
In the course of an exhibition, they show you the picture of one of the Czar's soldiers directing the fire of a machine gun from the belfry of the church into the crowds of people in the square. By the side of the soldier stands a priest blessing the gun which is causing the streets to flow with the blood of his own people.

November 18. In a Russian Village
Sherwood Eddy
One of the great experiments of the world is being tried out in Russia today; the experiment of a united, cooperative, socialized order in contrast to competitive, individualistic, nationalistic states. Today these untamed plains of potential wealth are being made to blossom as the rose.

November 25. Where the World War Began.
Kirby Page
Even a superficial contact with the Balkan situation causes one to wonder about the permanence of the prevailing political arrangements. Jugoslavia feels menaced on all sides. A bitter sense of injustice prevails among the Serbs and Croats and in Bulgaria and Hungary.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIV MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1929 NUMBER 10

JANE ADDAMS ON PROHIBITION

In a press interview, Miss Jane Addams, who founded Hull House in Chicago's lower West Side, told of the blessings that prohibition has brought to this crowded district.

"Here around Hull House," she said, "we used to watch whiskey and beer being left at the saloons by the drayload. The poverty and suffering from drink were appalling. There is such a difference now that it seems like another world. Our poor are moving away into better places. The whole standard of life is rising for them. Drinking has decreased, and so has our work of rehabilitating families wrecked through intemperance. We have hardly any squalid homes or neglected families to deal with. I would not see the old system again for anything."

In this week's issue, UNITY completes the publication of Gandhi's autobiography. Begun three years and a half ago, on April 5, 1926, this autobiography has run from week to week exactly as it has proceeded from the Mahatma's pen, and has thus been presented to American readers complete. In essence, Gandhi's story is one of the most remarkable personal confessions that has ever been offered to the world by one of the great men of history. It is well nigh unexampled in its simplicity, its candor, its utter fidelity to the man and his ideals. The great Indian has concealed nothing—none of his mistakes, not even his more intimate and intensely personal experiences. In its fragmentary form as here published from week to week, the autobiography has inevitably lost much of its impressiveness. In book form, as it has appeared in India, the story gains immeasurably in momentum and sheer power of spirit. Much of this will be preserved in the condensed version of the autobiography which has been prepared by Gandhi's close friend and adviser, Mr. C. F. Andrews, and will be published in due course by the Macmillan Company. Meanwhile, it is a satisfaction to recall that the autobiography in its complete form has appeared exclusively in these columns, and that the files of UNITY for this period of publication will be cherished in public libraries and by private owners as the original source of this great work. In presenting Gandhi's autobiography from week to week through so prolonged a period, this paper has achieved a publication feat of the first magnitude. This has added immeasurably to UNITY's reputation and prestige. It remains now for us to maintain the high position thus attained by further work of the same signal importance.

We have an insatiable curiosity. When a question is opened up, we like to look straight into it and see everything it contains. When we get hold of a clue to hidden facts and secret motives, we like to follow it through to the very end and find all that exists. We are never satisfied with half-way measures—always impatient of stopping short. Hence our discontent at some things that are being done, or rather not done, these days! What has become of the Shearer investigation, for example? Why aren't we allowed to learn the truth about those admirals with whom Shearer was so intimate at Geneva? Why are no questions being asked about those secret authorizations of the Navy Department with which Shearer testified that he was equipped? Then this lobbying investigation! We learned a lot about Senator Bingham, of Connecticut, largely because of his personal unpopularity, and also because of his own egoistic folly in coming forward and offering to testify. But what about other senators? Is Bingham the only one of over ninety men who ever sat cheek by jowl with a paid representative of the protected interests? Why not put all the senators on the stand, those at least from the highly protected states, and inquire what they have been doing? Then there is the administration of Mayor Walker, of New York. Enough was disclosed during the recent campaign to show endless vistas of highly profitable corruption. Why not another Lexow Committee to search these charges, or half-charges, to the bottom? Why offer all kinds of suggestions and innuendos, stage whispers and melodramatic gestures, if nothing is to be done about it, or even really known about it? Again we say, we have an insatiable curiosity. We have no liking for dimness or darkness. Turn on the lights!

Of all the silly things that are said by silly people, the silliest, to our way of thinking, is the remark that we throw away our votes when we vote for an opposition candidate who can't be elected. We, ourselves,

may be queer, but it is our sober conviction none the less that the man who throws away his vote is the man who joins the great mass of incoherent, unintelligent voters who are supporting some popular candidate bound to be elected, and thus, like a drop of water in the ocean, loses his identity in the flood of mediocrity that makes up our existing political parties. Take the recent New York municipal election as an example of what we mean! Everybody knew in this campaign that Mayor Walker was certain to be elected, as everybody knew in the last national campaign that Mr. Hoover was certain to be elected. Was there any surer way for a voter to lose his vote than to cast it for the Mayor and thus become one anonymous item in that vast majority of nearly 500,000 votes which was rolled up behind the Tammany ticket? Perhaps there *was* one surer way—namely, to vote for the Republican candidate who was sure to be defeated, and incidentally stood for nothing. As a matter of fact, the one sensational episode of the election, the one important thing that happened, was the 175,000 votes cast for the Socialist and independent candidate, Norman Thomas. The men and women who cast these votes counted for more on election day than any other single group in New York City. Every ballot cast weighed twice and thrice as much as any other ballot registered in the totals. Here was not the dull, dead, characterless voting of a machine, but the direct determined voting of individuals who knew their minds and were glad to stand up for what they believed. For why do we vote, any way? For victory—or for principles, ideals, truth? The fight is all—the victory or the defeat is nothing. This inane chatter about losing one's vote is the thing that is ruining our democracy. Not until intelligence is mobilized for right, regardless of immediate partisan results, can democracy ever fulfill its destiny. Why not have some faith, after all, and believe that "one on the side of God is a majority."

We don't wonder that the Russian *Izvestia* is ribald in its jesting upon the English recognition of the Soviet Republic. The record of Britian upon this question is more like an act out of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera than anything else that we can think of, and it is not surprising that the Bolsheviki, getting more independent every day, are highly entertained. None the less, we believe that this latest development in the plot, official recognition of Russia by the British Parliament, is to be taken seriously. The Tories have had enough of fooling with the Soviets. They have gotten badly burned every time they have thrust their hands into the red fire, and we venture to surmise that when, or if, they come into power again, they will agree right heartily to let well enough alone. English recognition, therefore, may now be regarded as final. This being the case, the action taken is bound to have decisive influence here in America. There is obviously what we may call the sentimental influence—the soft persuasion of England's example, the inevitable suggestion to many minds that what England has done we can do, and ought to do. But more important, since this is a hard, matter-of-fact world, is the practical influence of the policy now definitely entered into by the English government. Recognition means trade, trade means profits, and profits mean prosperity. America today is desperately in need of foreign markets. The home market is hopelessly glutted at just the moment when the public has ceased buying, and it is either get trade abroad or "bust"! Is there any sensible man who imagines that American business is going to remain much longer content to stay outside a country of 150,000,000 people? There is long-delayed justice in Russian recognition, and also very immediate practical wisdom. The Hoover administration, delivered of the superstitious nonsense that beset the Coolidge administration, may be expected to take favorable action at any time.

We feel moved again to come to the defense of the United States Senate. To make fun of this body, even to denounce and condemn it, has become one of our most popular indoor sports, especially in our newspaper offices. When an editor can think of nothing else to say, he pens a derisive editorial on the Senate. But the more we consider the Senate, the more we wonder what would become of our government if it were not for this same Senate. Of course this august assembly is sometimes amusing. It is frequently long-winded and discursive, and thus aggravating. But let it be remembered, when we are tempted to amusement and aggravation, that the Senate is the one body in this country which retains the tradition and fulfils the function of a deliberative assembly in a democracy. It is in the Senate that national legislation is halted for a moment while it receives the scrutiny of able men. It is in the Senate alone that there is any chance of blocking and defeating the unholy proposals of corrupt partisan machines and privileged special interests, and of bringing out into the light of day good causes of reform. And this because the Senate is still a debating body, and has great men in its membership! What the Senate has been doing to the Tariff Bill should win it the undying gratitude of all enlightened citizens. This bill, as it came from the gagged and fettered House, was as vile a thing as was ever spawned by politics. It was as unsatisfactory to President Hoover

as to anybody else. Immediately the Senate took the bill in hand, wrested it from the control of the old guard, and undertook the trying and difficult task of refashioning it in the interest of justice and decency. The debates on the Tariff Bill in recent weeks have been of the highest order of ability. If these debates have taken time, it is the old guard which is responsible for foisting upon the Senate an outrageous piece of partisan legislation. In this case, as in many other cases, the Senate has served the nation well. Without it, for all its human foibles, we should despair.

Across the aisle in the dining-car sat four business men, and they were discussing business. Snatches of the conversation drifted to our ears in the form of words, phrases and occasional sentences. "We get a good stiff 50 per cent profit on that," said one of the diners, "and that gives us a surplus for . . . ," but the rest of the sentence was gone! There evidently was a "surplus" for a man who could snatch a profit of that proportion, but how much "surplus" was left to the purchaser when he had gotten through paying such a price? "Charge for service" was a phrase tossed eagerly from one diner to another. Could anything be more typical of our existing business world today than this idea of *"charge* for *service,"* the words of which fly apart by a natural and inevitable antagonism when used in a Christian significance? "Get stung —yes, you'll get stung every time if you do that." Evidently business is dangerous in this country, and there are certain things you can do only at the peril of getting "stung," by which we assume was meant getting hurt, or injured, or wounded as in a battle! But who does the stinging? The answer came along speedily. "With your competitors on your trail every minute," said one of the men—but we did not hear what happened. It was easy to guess, however. We caught the picture all right! Competitors in business were like red Indians, tomahawk in hand, following a trail to butcher their unsuspecting enemies. We looked across the aisle at these men. They were well dressed, well groomed, courteous, kindly, civilized in manners and appearance. Yet, if their language was to be believed, they were savages, fighting barbarously for "profits." What a world we live in? When shall we civilize not men in individual relations but industrialists in industrial relations? When shall we "Christianize the social order," as Walter Rauschenbusch used to put it?

Law and Public Opinion

The lobbies of every legislature in the Union, the halls of Congress are crowded with the representatives of the meek and lowly Jesus, he who taught resist not evil, urging the passage of laws with teeth in them. By "teeth" they mean excessive fines and long terms of imprisonment. They mean the giving of extraordinary powers to police officers and arming them with deadly weapons.

These zealots for the law are the spiritual successors of Torquemada and all his holy crew of torturers. Their methods are, fortunately, modified by a more merciful public, but the spirit manifested is the same. They take literally the words of the gospel "compel them to come in."

I recently attended a meeting for the purpose of delivering an address. The audience consisted mostly of dear old ladies whose looks would have entitled them to be called "Mothers in Israel" if not saints. But I was horrified as I sat listening to the discussion of various matters which preceded my lecture. These dear old ladies were advocating the most severe, and it seemed to me, cruel punishments for offenses against the law. To them it was *The Law*—a holy, sacred weapon for slaying all who touched it. It was a veritable Ark of the Covenant.

If one attends a religious, perhaps it had better be called an ecclesiastical, convention, he is almost sure to hear presented a resolution asking that some one be put behind prison bars for some offense—recently created by the legislature or about to be created.

A church leader calls on the President of the United States to use the army, navy and marines in the enforcement of law. He apparently does not realize that the use of machinery of war instead of civil officers is civil war.

One is not surprised when he knows the antecedents of the members of the Klu Klux Klan that they should resort to threat and violence to make the nation "safe for churches," but one is a bit surprised when professed pacifists, teachers of the doctrine of non-resistance, should join hands with these advocates of force and force to the limit.

There seems to be a wide-spread lack of knowledge of the power of the state. The cry is "get a law on the statute books and the state will enforce." But these zealous advocates of law forget that the only means that the state has for enforcement of law is the physical power it can control.

Is that not enough, the whole power of the state? Yes, it is enough if the state has it, but fortunately the state does not have it. It would be a sad day for humanity if in any social group the state could exercise all the power that theoretically belongs to it. The only power the state possesses is that which is granted to

it by that elusive abstraction, which however is as real as the state, Public Opinion. Ordinarily you do not call out the militia to enforce law against murder. If this is done it is because democracy has ceased to function and an ochlocracy has come in its stead. And even of the militia is called out to suppress the mob, it is because the mob is not coterminous with the social unit. If the militia appears, it is outside of the mob and if it is effective it is backed by public opinion.

The truth is that even in some parts of the United States murder can be and is committed with impunity simply because there is no public opinion to give power to the state to enforce its laws. I would be the last to admit that rules and regulations of conduct, which we call laws are not necessary. We need the rules of the road for the protection of all. Law as the common agreement as to the form of social conduct is for the most of us self enforcing as far as normal minded folks are concerned. The violator is generally a weak person who needs special treatment. Unfortunately we today usually treat him as a strong person. Most of the laws on our statute books are backed by a one-hundred percent public opinion. If they were not, we should be in a state of chaos.

But zealots for law make the mistake of supposing that because we all support the law against murder, —even the men who kill admit the validity of the law against them and plead mitigating circumstances,—any law can be enforced if it is once enacted. The Fugitive Slave Law could not be enforced north of the Mason and Dixon line. Law which makes a crime of that which yesterday was not a crime can only be enforced by the fact that the great majority, not a mere one percent majority, are in favor of it. In Nebraska some years ago a child could be transferred to another person by its natural guardian by the mere signing of a release. One day the legislature passed a law making this illegal and requiring the consent of a probate court to any such transaction. What was right yesterday was wrong today. But there was no question about the acceptance of the new law simply because it had back of it public opinion.

All this means that laws should only be passed after the legislature is assured that they are a register of the public will. The process of education usually ceases when the law is passed. The state can only insist that the law be obeyed. But if it fails in obtaining the support of the citizenry in general, the state is as helpless as a ship at sea without a rudder.

It is possible to conceive of a state having on its statute books so many laws enacted in moments of hysterical frenzy, that the whole machinery of government may break down in an attempt to enforce them.

We are in danger in America of forgetting the fundamental principle of democracy that minorities have sacred rights as well as majorities. We will get nowhere if our leaders think that the only solution for a social problem lies in the putting in jail of all who disagree with them. A little more faith in the attractive power of the ideal is needed in America today. We might get on faster if churches as representatives of religion would have more faith in ideals and less in salutary effects of prisons.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Jottings

How wonderful is science! In the old days we played a piano with hands and feet. Later we played the player-piano by pushing the pedals. Then we played the talking-machine by winding a spring. Now we play the radio by turning a bulb.

How wonderful is science! A talking machine can disturb only a household, but a radio loud-speaker can disturb a whole neighborhood. An automobile can be heard a block, but a flying machine can be heard for miles.

How wonderful is science! In the old days, men reared with their hands buildings of stone which lasted for centuries. Today we rear with machines buildings of steel which last not longer than a generation.

How wonderful is science! Once a man could be sick, die, and be buried—all for nothing. Now one pays for physicians, surgeons, nurses, hospitals, sanitariums—and is dead and buried just the same.

How wonderful is science. We used to travel by horse at twelve miles an hour. The steam locomotive then raised the rate to an average of sixty miles an hour. An automobile can now cover over two hundred miles an hour. Recently a flying machine flew over three hundred and eighty miles an hour. And what of it?

How wonderful is science! In the old days we could kill men only one at a time by sling-shots, arrows and rifles. Now we can slaughter men like rabbits in a shamble by machine-guns, poisonous gases, and disease germs. *How wonderful is science!*

J. H. H.

Where the World War Began

I have just arrived here after an extraordinarily fascinating visit to Sarajevo. Few places in the world afford more remarkable contrasts than this beautiful and tragic city. I wanted to visit the spot where the World War had its origin and get the feel of the situation. So I boarded the narrow gage train that winds its way through the mountain gorges and valleys of Bosnia.

Sarajevo has more than 20,000 Moslems, only a small percentage of whom are Turks, the great majority being the descendants of the Serbians who, centuries ago, adopted Islam in order to save their lives and property. The Christian Slavs of the Balkans, ever since the Ottoman Empire began to crumble, had dreamed of and plotted for a unified empire under the protection of Holy Russia. It is common knowledge that the statesmen of the Muscovite Empire of the North had encouraged and assisted the revolutionary movement which aimed at the detachment and liberation of their kinsmen from Austrian and Hungarian rule.

I wanted to stand on the spot where the young Serbian revolutionary, Gavrilo Princip, with the active assistance of Serbian military authorities and the connivance of Serbian statesmen, assassinated the Archduke Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, on that fateful June 28th. I went to the corner where the first bomb missed its royal target and traced the course of the Archduke's auto to the City Hall and back down the river bank until the chauffeur, making a fatal wrong turn, backed up and by an epoch-making coincidence came to a standstill in the narrow street only a few feet from where Princip was stationed. Two shots rang out and the royal couple fell fatally wounded. Within a few moments both were dead, but centuries will elapse before the last trace of the terrible consequence of that mad act is erased from the face of the earth.

As I stood there on the very corner, looking up at the memorial tablet which had been placed on the side of the nearest building, I was overwhelmed with the tragic irony of it all. What a commentary on the stupid blunders, the greedy ambitions, the passionate hatreds, the insane fears of statesmen and peoples everywhere! How amazing a world situation in which two shots from the revolver of a mere boy, half-crazed with the emotions of super-patriotism, could summon tens of millions of armed men from all corners of the globe and produce the most awful catastrophe of history!

In few European cities is there a more extraordinary blend of the medieval and the modern than in Sarajevo. The majority of its Moslem women still wear the inpenetrable black veils that give them a weird and ghostly appearance. But the bonds of this ancient custom are beginning to loosen. Some of the veils are so thin that they fail utterly to hide the countenances of the more or less fair damsels behind them. Not a few women lift their veils while on the streets when they think no vile man is in sight and lower them hastily when masculine footsteps are heard. I was amazed to see Moslem flappers with skirts up to their knees, high heels, low neck dresses and—veils, often as black as night, sometimes just thick enough to fulfill the letter of the law.

The streets are crowded with peasants and mountaineers in quaint costumes that probably have not changed for centuries. On the country roads one sees numberless ox-carts, a few horse-drawn wagons and—an occasional Ford car or bus! The Turkish bazaars with their endless variety of traders and hucksters carry one back centuries, while only a few blocks away modern stores display the latest wares of Western Europe and America.

Jugoslavia is one of the many unstable nations which emerged from the World War. Belgrade, the capital city, is itself an extraordinary combination of the primitive and the modern. Remains of old Roman walls still constitute a portion of the foundations of the fortress. Evidences of the long and oppressive Turkish rule are visible everywhere. I stood at the meeting place of the Danube and the Save and, looking across to what was formerly territory of Austria-Hungary, realized more vividly than ever before the exposed situation of the old Serbian capital. I had pointed out to me the positions of the Austrian artillery which bombarded Belgrade with such destructiveness. Utterly vanquished and occupied throughout the period of the war, Serbia emerged victorious and was awarded a kingdom with a far vaster domain than had been dreamed of by patriotic visionaries. What a strange combination of events that made it possible, in spite of the catastrophic overthrow of the mighty Romanoff empire on which Serbia had relied with such unbounded confidence, for an assassin's bullet to succeed so completely in achieving its purpose!

And yet even a superficial contact with the Balkan situation causes one to wonder about the permanence of the prevailing political arrangements. Jugoslavia feels menaced on all sides. Italy is in possession of territory which the Serbs and the Croats regard as rightfully their own and is steadily encroaching upon Albania; Greece blocks the way to a really satisfactory agreement concerning an outlet to the Aegian at Salonica; Bulgaria refuses to acknowledge as permanent the division of the lion's share of Macedonia between Jugoslavia and Greece; Hungary is bitterly and eagerly awaiting the day when her lost provinces will be recovered; frontier incidents along the Bulgarian border are a constant source of irritation and indignation.

The result is that Jugoslavia is in the grip of a mighty fear and remains armed to the teeth. The streets of Belgrade are crowded with soldiers, especially with brilliantly uniformed officers, bedecked with shining medals. While the people as a whole are exceedingly poor and appropriations for constructive purposes are utterly inadequate, 30 per cent of the national budget goes for the upkeep of the army, while the combination of debt payments, pensions and current military expenses consumes nearly one-half of the net governmental expenditures. Roumania likewise is extraordinarily unstable. Bessarabia is still a source of controversy with the Soviet Government; Dobrudja continues to produce apprehensions against Bulgaria; Transylvania is mourned by the Hungarians.

Budapest probably feels the loss of the war more keenly than any other city in Europe. Territory which had been Hungarian for a thousand years was lost to neighbors who are regarded as culturally and politically inferior. A total of 72 per cent of her pre-war domain and 63 per cent of her pre-war population were taken away from Hungary by the Treaty of Trianon and

awarded as follows: Transylvania to Roumania; Slovakia and Ruthenia to Czechoslovakia; Slavonia and Croatia to Jugoslavia; West Hungary to Austria; Fiume to Italy. Some three million Magyars are now living as minorities outside Hungary. The conviction is deeprooted in Budapest that the Hungarian landowners in Transylvania were defrauded outrageously by Roumania. This controversy, known as the Hungarian optants question, has been before the League of Nations repeatedly.

No patriotic Hungarian is reconciled to the permanent acceptance of present conditions. Nowhere in Europe is there a deeper sense of injustice nor a more passionate determination to recover lost provinces. Everywhere one sees the bitter slogan: *Nem, Nem, Soha!* (No, No, Never!) on maps, post-cards, candy boxes, door-plates, table scarfs and numerous other places. Post-cards showing mutilated Hungary are widely sold. In the Square of Liberty in Budapest are four statues in memory of the unredeemed regions, with the Hungarian flag flying at half-mast. By official degree all school-children are required to repeat the national creed twice each day:

> I believe in one God,
> I believe in one Fatherland,
> I believe in one eternal justice,
> I believe in the resurrection of Hungary from the dead.
> Amen!

Most Hungarians emphatically disclaim any intention of resorting to war on behalf of their lost kinsmen. They hope to secure a rectification of boundaries by peaceful negotiations, or to profit by some future international crisis. One well-informed and internationally-minded young Hungarian put the case to us in this way:

> History proves that boundary lines are rarely permanent. Europe is now in an extremely unsettled condition. Each group of powers is seeking to strengthen its position. The time may come when concessions will be made to Hungary in order to secure her support or to avoid the possibility that she may join the opposite camp. We must therefore continue to make a nuisance of ourselves, so to speak, by maintaining an active propaganda for the recovery of our lost provinces. Then too, a new alignment of the great powers may lead to a general war. And then. . . . (with a shrug of his shoulders he concluded) and then—who knows?

If one finds the most bitter resentment against the peace treaties in Budapest, one discovers the most tragic consequences here in Sofia. Bulgaria did not lose as much territory as did her former ally, but the economic condition of her people is far worse. There is an appalling amount of physical privation and misery among the five and a half million inhabitants of this war-torn country. Wages are pitifully low. A skilled carpenter receives from 60 to 70 cents per day, while unskilled workers get from 35 to 45 cents. When unavoidable loss of time is taken into account, it is discovered that the average monthly wage of a skilled worker is from $12 to $14. A railway engineer averages from $14 to $17 monthly.

The reasons for the backward economic conditions here are not difficult to discover. For five hundred years this region was bitterly oppressed by Turkish misrule. In 1912 Bulgaria engaged in the first Balkan war, in a fit of madness in 1913 she attacked her former allies and was unmercifully beaten, in 1915 she picked Germany as the winner and entered the World War on the wrong side. She is still staggering under the burdens imposed upon her in the Treaty of Neuilly by the victorious Allies. The reparation demanded appears quite negligible to Americans and Western Europeans but to these poverty-stricken people the amount is cruelly great. The relative ability of Bulgaria to pay reparation is indicated by the following computation: the per capita income of the country, according to the Bulgarian Department of Finance, is $61 per year, the total population is five and a half millions, the payment for reparation this year is $1,900,000. If each citizen of the United States were required to pay on the same scale according to his ability the total amount for America would be 525 million dollars annually; that is, our population is 23 times as great and our per capita income of $750 is 12 times as great. In 1934 the Bulgarian reparation is scheduled to be increased to $8,235,000. For the United States to pay on this scale, according to relative size and wealth, would require two and a quarter billion dollars annually! No wonder competent observers say that this is an impossible sum for Bulgaria and must be reduced drastically, as has already been the case with German reparation.

KIRBY PAGE.

Sofia, Bulgaria.

Hymn for the Golden Age

Now upon the earth descending,
  Peace is like a prayer.
Truth and love their voices blending,
  Echo far and near.
Freedom from its chain is breaking,
Justice to new life is waking,
All the world its sin forsaking.
  God's new day is here.

Now the war clouds swiftly fleeting,
  Vanish with the years.
Swords to plowshares men are beating,
  Told by Israel's seers.
Rich and poor in concord meeting,
Love its low sweet songs repeating,
Hate and wrong are seen retreating,
  Bigotry and fears.

Hail the Golden Age advancing,
  With its vision clear.
Faith and hope each soul entrancing.
  Through the certain year.
Conscience its straight path contending,
Freedom long its course defending.
Round the earth the message sending—
  "Lo, the day draws near."

God, to Thee our praises singing,
  We Thine aid implore.
Speed the hope the years are bringing,
  Knowledge more and more.
Soon may all Thy reign professing,
Righteousness their hearts possessing,
And Thy holy name confessing:
  Thee alone adore.

DAVID LEVY.

Nationalism and Force

(From Our Special Palestine Correspondent)

Nationalism and force seemed in the first decades of the twentieth century inseparably bound together as an inheritance of the previous century. Impelled by the ideal of the nationalist state, the peoples in recent times have sought to group themselves in terms of territorial power. The relationship of the sovereign people with the territorial possessions belonging to it, was the ruling principle of the last one hundred and fifty years; it made history and directed human effort, it divided men and united them. It prevailed first in western Europe, passed thence across central Europe, then further on to eastern Europe and the Balkans and, in the last decade, has also established itself in the Orient. Today there seems to be an indissoluble connection between nationalism on the one hand, and state supremacy, power and force on the other.

It was not so a comparatively short while ago. In the past, down to the 18th century, the nationalist state was unknown. There were city states, feudal states, dynastic states. In Europe until the 18th century, in many cases longer, and in the Orient down to our own times, religion and not nationalism, was the dominating principle that separated or united, that made history and directed human endeavor. In those days it was religion that threatened truth, freedom of conscience and of inquiry. The atheist figured as an abomination to the society of that period; severe punishment threatened him who no longer felt himself bound by religion. Power over a state was held in the service of religion. *"Cuius regio, illius religio."* Religion was something to be compelled by force. The relation between religion, state power and force appeared self-evident and indissoluble. Today, it seems to us unnatural and unworthy of religion. Freed from the fetters of force and statecraft, religion can disclose itself as the inner faith of a human being.

The position of religion as the supreme principle of power, has been taken over today by the nation. It is nationalism that now threatens truth, freedom of inquiry and of conscience. He who sets himself against the union of the nation and the power of the state appears now to society as the abomination, the outcast. Heavy punishment awaits him who no longer feels himself bound by patriotism. Dominion over a state is in the service of nationalism. *"Cuius regio, illius natio."* As the power and authority of the state formerly received their consecration from religion and the grace of God, they receive it now from the equally holy will and institution of the nation. The economic life of the people, and especially its protective tariff policy, stand at the service of nationalism. The temporal power of the nation is the prime motive of the state as, formerly, the temporal power of religion.

> It is not peace and human happiness that we have to give those who shall come after us upon the way, but the eternal fight for the maintenance and development of our national type. The interests of national power, wherever they are in question, are the final and determining interests to whose service economic policy must be dedicated. The nationalist state is the worldly organization of the nation's power, and in this nationalist state lies for us the ultimate criterion, also from the point of view of national economy,—the prime motive of state.

That is not a quotation from Treitschke, but from Max Weber (Collected Political Works, Munich, 1921, p. 20.)

Just as, in the 18th century, Protestants were driven out of the Archbishopric of Salzburg, so now, in the Balkans, national minorities are exchanged back and forth. The nation employs force. As formerly they sought by open or subtle force to convert the adherents of one religion to another, so today efforts are made to change the nationality of foreign population-groups. The provision in paragraph 134 of the Constitution of the Czechoslovak Republic, that "all forcible denationalization is forbidden," would have been as unintelligible in former times, as today (save in the case of "backward and mediaeval states" like Afghanistan) any forcible intervention in religious matters seems unintelligible to us.

The period of the Thirty-Years' War marked in central Europe the climax of religious power in its association with the state, and with force. "In those days, when political questions all had a religious color" (Georg Jellinek, *"Die Erklaerung der Menschen-und Buergerrechte,"* 3d ed., Munich & Leipzig, 1919, p. 61) there was nevertheless also living the great pioneer of the emancipation of religion from the rule of force, Roger Williams, who in 1636 founded the colony of Providence as an abode of religious and conscientious liberty.

> Here, then, for the first time, the most unlimited freedom of religious conviction was recognized, and by a man filled with the most ardent piety. (idem, p. 47.)

In memorable fashion Charles II of England established the principle of religious liberty in the Charter that he gave to the colonies of Rhode Island and Providence:

> Noe person within the sayd colonye, at any time hereafter, shall bee in any wise molested, punished, disquieted or called in question for any difference of opinione in matters of religion, but that all and every person and persons may freelye and fullye have and enjoye his and their owne judgments and conscience, in matters of religious concernments.

So that the time of the culminating point in the conjunction between religion and force, was also the beginning of its dissolution! The process of this dissolution lasted nearly three hundred years and was accomplished in different countries and cultural circles with varying speed and intensity. The English Independents and the French Encyclopedeans began it. Even at the beginning of the 19th century there was nowhere complete religious liberty. Today it has been achieved almost everywhere. In its place, nationalism dominates the political horizon. But religion has gained in depth through its liberation from force.

The nation, too, is a conception of consciousness. "A nation is a soul, a spiritual principle." (Renan, *"Qu'est-ce-quiene Nation?"* 1882, p. 26).

> That which is native to a man, that which is his innermost, his most secret, his most inviolable possession, is the great community of the living within him, his own blood, his common lineage. The community of which the individual finds himself a part is of stronger, nobler, more fundamental origin than the more tenuous influence of state and society. (Gustav Landauer, *"Skepsis und Mystik"* p. 17.)

This principle of nationalism as a spiritual and cultural community, came in the 19th century into conjunction with the principle of statehood and of force. The world was apparently marked as the culminating point in this development. But the signs are increas-

ing that a new enlightenment is beginning to work towards the dissolution of this combination. The national-political principle has reduced itself into an absurdity. Nationalism—patriotism—as a ruling principle permitted everything, was an excuse for everything. The free spirit of all peoples today begins to outgrow it, as formerly they outgrew the ban of religion. In place of the nation and its apparatus of force, bound up with territorial and economic policies, there will come the freedom and the personal responsibility of the whole *ensemble* of the nation's traditions and life.

Nationalist warfare will then seem as impossible as does today the religious fanaticism of the Eve of St. Bartholomew. The sacred rights of a nation (which both parties always claim with equal conviction for their side) will be as incomprehensible as we find today the excitement, leading to war and murder, over the interpretation of a phrase in the Bible or the proper form for the sign of the cross. (Hans Kohn, "Nationalism," Vienna, 1922, p. 121.)

Individual liberty, the sharpened sense for human dignity and conscience, and the feeling of human solidarity are growing simultaneously in our days. And their progress goes hand in hand, each conditioning the other. A leading contemporary instructor in public law has asserted that the most outstanding proof of the fact of the limitation of the state is its present position toward religion.

That it could not be the business of the state to control consciences, has been recognized primarily as a result of the realization of the limitations of the state arrived at after long struggles. (G. Jellinek, "Allgemeine Staatslehren," p. 239.)

Similar will be, in future, the relation of the state toward the nation. Here, too, it will renounce the control of conscience. National differences will then be the occasion of violence and war as little as are differences of religion today. The nationalist state will disappear; greater and more comprehensive forms will succeed it.

One can, indeed characterize all cultural progress as progress also in the ideas of human solidarity. Beginning historically in the narrowest limits, the interests of solidarity embrace ever-widening social groups, and grow not only in extent but also in vigor. (Jellinek, idem, p. 253.)

Nationalism and force will then have dissolved their union; humanity will see the way open toward the goal that all their sages and leaders have pointed out to them, and that Kant has thus expressed:

The greatest problem for the human race, to the solution of which Nature pushes them, is the attainment of a universal democratic society administering the law.

HANS KOHN.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

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PART V—CHAPTER XLIII

At Nagpur

The resolutions adopted at the Calcutta special session of the Congress were to be confirmed at its annual session at Nagpur. Here again, as at Calcutta, there was a great rush of visitors and delegates. The number of delegates in the Congress had not been limited yet. As a result, so far as I can remember, the figure on this occasion reached about fourteen thousand. Lalaji pressed for a slight amendment to the clause about the boycott of schools which I accepted. Similarly, some amendments were made at the instance of the Deshabandhu after which the non-co-operation resolution was passed unanimously.

The resolution regarding the revision of the Congress constitution too was to be taken up at this session of the Congress. The Sub-Committee's draft was presented at the Calcutta special session. The matter had therefore been thoroughly ventilated and thrashed out. At the Nagpur session where it came up for final disposal Sjt. C. Vijayaraghavachariar was the President. The Subjects Committee passed the draft with only one important change. In my draft the number of delegates had been fixed I think at 1,500; the Subjects Committee substituted in its place the figure 6,000. In my opinion this increase was the result of hasty judgment and experience of all these years has only confirmed me in my view. I hold it to be an utter delusion to believe that large number of delegates is in any way a help to the better conduct of the business or that it safeguards the principle of democracy. Fifteen hundred delegates, jealous of the interests of the people, broadminded and truthful, would any day be a better safeguard for democracy than six thousand irresponsible men chosen anyhow. To safeguard democracy the people must have a keen sense of independence, self-respect and their oneness and should insist upon choosing as their representatives only such persons as are good and true. But obsessed with the idea of numbers as the Subjects Committee was it would have liked to go even beyond the figure of six thousand. The limit of six thousand was therefore in the nature of a compromise.

The question of the goal of the Congress formed a subject for keen discussion. In the constitution that I had presented, the goal of the Congress was the attainment of Swaraj within the British Empire if possible and without if necessary. A party in the Congress wanted to limit the goal to Swaraj within the British Empire only. Its viewpoint was put forth by Pandit Malaviyaji and Mr. Jinnah. But they were not able to get many votes. Again the draft constitution provided that the means for the attainment were to be peaceful and legitimate. This condition too came in for opposition, it being contended that there should be no restriction upon the means to be adopted. But the Congress adopted the original draft after an instructive and frank discussion. I am of opinion that if this constitution had been worked out by the people honestly, intelligently and zealously it would have become a potent instrument of mass education and the very process of working it out would have brought us Swaraj. But a discussion of the theme would be irrelevant here.

Resolutions about Hindu Muslim unity, the removal of untouchability and Khadi too were passed in this Congress, and since then the Hindu members of the Congress have taken upon themselves the responsibility of ridding Hinduism of the curse of untouchability and the Congress has established a living bond of relationship with the "skeletons" of India

through Khadi. The adoption of non-co-operation for the sake of the Khilafat was itself a great practical attempt made by the Congress to bring about Hindu Muslim unity.

Farewell

But the time has now come to bring these chapters to a close.

My life from this point onward has been so public that there is hardly anything about it that the people do not know. Moreover since 1921 I have worked in such close association with the Congress leaders that I can hardly describe any episode in my life since then without referring to my relations with them. For though Shraddhanandji, the Deshabandhu, Hakim Saheb and Lalaji are no more with us today, we have the good luck to have a host of other veteran Congress leaders still living and working in our midst. The history of the Congress since the great changes in it that I have described above is still being made. And my principal experiments during the past seven years have all been made through the Congress. A reference to my relations with the leaders would therefore be unavoidable, if I set about to describe my experiments further. And this I may not do, at any rate for the present, if only from a sense of propriety. Lastly my conclusions from my current experiments can hardly as yet be regarded as decisive. It therefore seems to me to be my plain duty to close this narrative here. In fact my pen instinctively refuses to proceed further.

It is not without a wrench that I have to take leave of the reader. I set a high value on my experiments. I do not know whether I have been able to do justice to them. I can only say that I have spared no pains to give a faithful narrative. To describe truth, as it has appeared to me and in the exact manner in which I have arrived at it, has been my ceaseless effort. The exercise has given me ineffable mental peace because it has been my fond hope that it might bring faith in truth and *ahimsa* to waverers.

My uniform experience has convinced me that there is no other God than Truth. And if every page of these chapters does not proclaim to the reader that the only means for the realization of Truth is *ahimsa,* I shall deem all my pains in writing these chapters to have been in vain. And even though my efforts in this behalf might prove fruitless let the readers know that the vehicle, not the great principle is at fault. After all, however sincere my strivings after *ahimsa* might have been, they have still been imperfect and inadequate. The little fleeting glimpses therefore that I have been able to have of truth can hardly convey an idea of the indescribable lustre of Truth, a million times more intense than that of the sun we daily see with our eyes. In fact what I have caught is only the faintest gleam of that mighty effulgence. But this much I can say with assurance as a result of all my experiments that a perfect vision of Truth can only follow a complete realization of *ahimsa.*

To see the universal and all-pervading Spirit of Truth face to face one must be able to love the meanest of creation as oneself. And a man who aspires after that cannot afford to keep out of any field of life. That is why my devotion to truth has drawn me into the field of politics; and I can say without the slightest hesitation, and yet in all humility, that those who say that religion has nothing to do with politics do not know what religion means.

Identification with everything that lives is impossible without self-purification; without self-purification the observance of the law of *ahimsa* must remain an empty dream; God can never be realized by one who is not pure of heart. Self-purification therefore must mean purification in all the walks of life. And purification being highly infectious, purification of oneself necessarily leads to the purification of one's surroundings.

But the path of self-purification is hard and steep. To attain to perfect purity one has to become absolutely passion-free in thought, speech and action; to rise above the opposing currents of love and hatred, attachment and repulsion. I know that I have not in me as yet that triple purity, in spite of constant ceaseless striving for it. That is why the world's praise fails to move me, indeed it very often stings me. To conquer the subtle passions seems to me to be harder far than the physical conquest of the world by the force of arms. Ever since my return to India I have had experiences of the dormant passions lying hidden within me. The knowledge of them has made me feel humiliated but not defeated. The experiences and experiments have sustained me and given me great joy. But I know that I have still before me a difficult path to traverse. I must reduce myself to zero. So long as one does not of his own free will put himself last among his fellow creatures, there is no salvation for him. *Ahimsa* is the farthest limit of humility.

In bidding farewell to the reader, for the time being at any rate, I ask him to join with me in prayer to the God of Truth that He may grant me the boon of *ahimsa* in mind, word and deed.

M. K. Gandhi.

(Translated from Navajivan by P.)

Upon the Departure of Ramsay MacDonald

A Scot, direct and wholesome as the breeze
That calls the ruddy color to his cheek,
As perfect as a Periclean Greek,
He faces tasks that outrange Hercules.

His vivid image lingers, his clear pleas,
That nations open understandings seek,
Lend statesmanship a heartening technique
To solve the stormy problems of the seas.

Whatever be the outcome, we have seen
The undiminished stature of a man,
Have heard in noble accents an appeal
To dare upon eternal faith to lean,
Be loyal to a purpose and a plan
To link mankind in one wide commonweal.

William Lloyd Garrison, Jr.

The Study Table

The Beginning and the Ending of the War

Professor Fay's book* on the origin of and responsibility for the Great War has been long and patiently awaited. This distinguished scholar was one of the few scientific historians not only in America but in the world who kept his head when the vast conflict suddenly broke in 1914. Unlike his colleagues who in all countries promptly went insane, Dr. Fay preserved his reason, and thus remembered that, in spite of the stupendous chaos of the hour, the laws of human nature and of life were not suspended.

> When the World War suddenly set Europe aflame, (he writes,) and American public opinion . . . began to denounce Germany and the Kaiser as being guilty of causing it, the present writer refused to join in the chorus. His historical sense told him that in this present case, as in the past, no one country, or no one man was solely, or probably even mainly, to blame.

It was this retention of inner poise of mind which enabled Professor Fay in 1919 to study without prejudice the German and Austrian documents from the secret government archives which were published that year by the Socialist revolutionaries, and to detect therein the signs of responsibility for the War not only in the Germany of the Kaiser and the Austria of Francis Joseph, but elsewhere. In the *American Historical Review* in 1920-21, he published his unforgettable articles on "New Light on the Origins of the War," which mark the beginning of the remarkable work done in the last decade by the "revisionist" school of historians. To this school now belong all the competent historians in all countries of the world. Through reviews, occasional articles, etc., Professor Fay has kept his place as the undisputed head of this school, and thus the leading authority on the origins of the War. But his book upon the subject, which should be the statement and summary of all his views, was long delayed. At last, about a year ago, it appeared, and at once justified its author by taking rank as the most important and, until the finding of new documents, the final word upon the subject. Anyone who wants to know the whole truth upon the perplexing question, Who caused the War? must sooner or later go to these volumes.

The work of the "revisionists" in recent years has revealed two schools or trends of thought. All are "agreed," to quote Professor Fay, "that the responsibility for the War is a divided responsibility." The idea that "Germany and her allies were solely responsible is generally recognized by the best historical scholars in all countries to be no longer tenable or defensible." But, starting with this agreement, some historians, of whom Renouvin is a conspicuous example, are inclined to put the heavier burden of blame upon Austria and her backer Germany, while other historians, notably Harry Elmer Barnes, are inclined to lay this burden of larger responsibility upon Serbia, Serbia's ally, Russia, and Russia's ally, France. Professor Fay stoutly refuses to be a partisan either way—he seeks steadfastly "the golden mean of historical truth." But none the less he must register a verdict; and this verdict is fundamentally a verdict which pronounces "guilty" upon Austria, Serbia and Russia, and indirectly upon France. Dr. Fay, on the whole, is nearer Barnes than he is to Renouvin.

The first of these two large volumes is devoted to the history of Europe from 1871 to 1914, and thus concerns itself with what the author terms "the underlying causes" of the War. It presents in elaborate detail a picture of the situation out of which grew the War as an inevitable culmination and completion. This volume is of course fundamentally important, but may be skipped by those more interested in "immediate" causes.

The second volume opens dramatically with the story of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his assassination at Sarajevo at 11 a. m. on Sunday, June 28, 1914. From this dreadful moment to that far more dreadful moment at 5 p. m. on Saturday, August 1, 1914, when Germany, "the last of the Great Powers to take this final and supreme military measure," ordered the mobilization of her armed forces on land and sea, Professor Fay traces with skill as vivid as it is accurate the infinitely complex pattern of diplomatic developments in Belgrade, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Paris, and London. More successfully than any other historian of the subject whom we can remember, he makes this tangled tale understandable, reveals its enormously dramatic features, and assesses point by point, step by step as the footsteps of fate move on, the guilt for what was done or not done. In this narrative, more fascinating than any detective story ever written, the historical characters—kings, premiers, ambassadors, soldiers—become distinct and living personalities, not merely difficult and confusing names upon despatches and memoranda. These men, so harried, perplexed, frightened, selfish, are shown making hurried decisions at midnight hours which involved the destiny of nations and the lives of millions of human beings. At the same time they are revealed as puppets moving in response to vast impersonal forces which, like tidal seas, or the celestial pull of gravitation, swept them on to ends which they did not understand or even see. In its main outlines, the story unwound by Dr. Fay is not substantially different from that which has been told by his predecessors in the field. But he everywhere clarifies and stresses, and again and again brings into focus, events and actions which hitherto, for lack of information or of insight on the part of the historian, have been badly blurred.

Thus, in the pages of this book is told, as it has never been told before, the awful complicity of Serbia in the plot which ended in the assassination of the Grand Duke. Every detail of the vile conspiracy is followed through, and high officers of the Serbian government clearly implicated in indirect if not direct responsibility for this momentous crime. On the other side, Professor Fay is merciless in his portrayal of the culpability of Berchtold, the Austrian minister—and the weakness of Bethmann, the German minister, in backing Berchtold—in forcing hostilities upon Serbia, but utterly fair in showing the seriousness of Austria's position and the imperative need of drastic action upon her part. What other nation, under similar provocation, would have acted better, or even as well! Never should it be forgotten now, that Austria was right in her suspicions and charges against her neighbor. Of the famous legend of the Potsdam Conference, where we were told Germany's war against the world was plotted, Professor Fay leaves not so much as a shred. The alleged conference was never held for the excellent

*"The Origins of the World War," by Sidney Bradshaw Fay. In two volumes. Published by Macmillan. $5.00.

reason that the alleged participants were all elsewhere at the time. Of Russia's part in the drama, Dr. Fay gives a remorseless picture. He refuses to minimize the central importance of the Russian order of general mobilization on July 30th. Everybody in Russia, from the Tsar and Sazonov down to the humblest telegraph operator, knew that this order meant war. Germany, England, all the rest of Europe, knew it as well. Why deny it now? This order began the War. All that happened after simply followed upon this event.

In presenting Professor Fay's final judgment, I cannot do better than set down in exact quotation his sentences of summary and conclusion. Thus:

> None of the Powers wanted a European War (page 547). Nevertheless, a European War broke out. Why? Because in each country political and military leaders did certain things which led to mobilizations and declarations of war, or failed to do certain things which might have prevented them. In this sense, all the European countries, in a greater or less degree, were responsible (page 548).
>
> The assassination of Franz Ferdinand was the factor which . . . started the rapid and complicated succession of events which culminated in a World War, and for that factor Serbian nationalism was primarily responsible (page 558).
>
> Austria was more responsible for the immediate origin of the war than any other Power. Yet from her own point of view she was acting in self-defence. . . Berchtold gambled on a "local" war with Serbia. . . . Rather than abandon his war with Serbia, he was ready to drag the rest of Europe into war (pages 550, 551).
>
> Germany did not plot a European war, did not want one, and made genuine, though too belated efforts, to avert one. She was the victim of her alliance with Austria and of her own folly (page 552).
>
> It was the hasty Russian general mobilization . . . which finally rendered the European War inevitable. . . . It was primarily (this) mobilization, made when Germany was trying to bring Austria to a settlement, which precipitated the final catastrophe (pages 554, 555).
>
> The part of France is less clear than that of the other Great Powers, because she has not yet made a full publication of her documents. . . . He (Paléologue) did not attempt to restrain Russia from military measures which he knew would call forth German counter-measures and cause war (page 555).
>
> Sir Edward Grey . . . was unwilling to heed the German pleadings that he exercise restraint at Paris and St. Petersburg (page 557).

As Professor Fay Tells us how the War began, so Herr Nowak tells us in his book* how it ended. The story of the Versailles Peace Conference has been recounted before by Keynes, Dillon, Baker, and many others, but never more accurately and also dramatically than in this narrative. The volume is especially valuable because, for the first time, we see things from the German as well as the Allied side. In those critical days after the German delegates came to Versailles to receive the peace terms of the victors, Nowak takes us right behind the scenes, and shows us what went on in the German conference-room. This story has not been told before, at least, to English-speaking readers. Much of its material must have been new even to the German public. But this does not mean that the book is in any sense propaganda for the German cause. The author is too genuine a scholar to be concerned with special pleadings, even for his own country. He is writing history here—the history of the Peace Conference as a whole. The result is a full, impartial, vivid account of one of the greatest and most tragic events of modern times.

Of special interest to American readers, is Herr Nowak's treatment of America's participation in the work done at Versailles. This centers largely, of course, upon a study of that all-dominant figure, Woodrow Wilson. The author does not pretend to solve the enigma of the American President. He pays tribute to his genius and force of character. He emphasizes, with what seems to be sincerity, his unfaltering idealism. He makes plain Wilson's supreme concern for the League of Nations, and his willingness to sacrifice everything for this end. He seems to feel that Wilson's physical and mental collapse was already far advanced in Paris. But through all his study of the man there runs a vein of irony, sometimes gentle, sometimes cruel. Inexcusable, it seems to us, are Nowak's references to the lying tales of Wilson's immorality. What seems to impress him at bottom is the huge discrepancy between the President's pretensions and his qualifications to make good on these pretensions. Wilson came to Europe to establish peace forever, yet he was utterly ignorant of the conditions of his task, and childish in his approach to them. Nowak is on occasion caustic, but on the whole piteous. For Wilson clung to his ideal, and—who knows?—may still have saved the world.

What mercy is granted Wilson is denied Col. House. The truth about this proud, secretive, utterly futile and silly man, is little by little coming out. In this book and that, the House legend is being pricked. But in this book it is exploded for good and all. What impresses Herr Nowak in this third-rate American politician is his Olympian claim to know everything, to do everything, to move on equal footing with the great of the earth, to take the whole world problem in his hands and settle it, coupled with his utter ignorance and innocence of everything. In this story of Versailles we see Col. House moving about as though he were running the show, and yet knowing nothing at all of what was really happening. "Amid the stern realities of the conference table," writes Nowak, "this much-sought-after and much-feted man never grasped what was going on between those present." Again, referring to a specific instance, he says, "Here was Col. House—at sea as usual, with his disarming smile." In still another crisis of the conference, Nowak speaks of House's "childlike innocence of all statesmanship." And, as his final summary, he says,

> Col. House was a man who seldom grasped what was said to him on political topics, never recognized the core of a subject, never detected contradictions. His second-rate intelligence would never have passed muster in any position in even a minor state of Europe.

It is this fact which explains Col. House's betrayal of Wilson in Paris, which led to the break between the two men. The Colonel never intended any evil—he had at least the virtue of perfect fidelity to his chief! But, as Nowak shows, he had not the slightest idea of what was going on; and thus, himself betrayed, misled the President. In all the history of America there is no more curious and pathetic episode than the supreme ascendancy of this foolish and futile man during these terrific days of war and peace. Woodrow Wilson made many mistakes in his day. None was sadder nor more complete than his dependence upon the Texan politician.

Nowak's book is brilliant. We are convinced that it will remain a standard work upon his subject.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Versailles," by Karl Friedrich Nowak. Published by Payson & Clarke, Ltd. $5.00.

Trumpets on New Horizons

My Song

Lord let me work! At singing I have failed.
My silly word-bound lips cannot release
The turbulence of song that finds no peace
But smolders in my heart, a force impaled.
Oh let me work that somehow in the sweat
Of groaning loins . . . of straining thews . . . and strife . . .
There in the grim realities of life,
In all the filth and grime, the cold and wet,
My song, at last, may find itself expressed.
It will not soar as do the songs of those,
Who better blessed than I, in words disclose
Their inner fires, their groping souls' unrest.
Lord let me work, and working build my song
And may I shape it firm and clean and strong.

EUNICE K. BIDDLE.

Civilization

Patterns clutter our minds.
Patterns laid out by dead things
Long ago.
Long before we were born
Our lives were laid
This way
And that.
Ever we follow after.
Ever we hark to the dead
And bow our heads
In obedience.
Why do we follow
Why do we bow to the dead
Forever
Uncrying?
Have we no designs of our own?

KATHLEEN MILLAY.

Cycle

Plow and harrow and sow
Over the fecund earth,
Sunshine, shadow, rain
Bringing the seed to birth.

Cycle on cycle pass,
Plow and harrow and sow;
Birth . . . ripening, death—
Thus, too, I shall go!

ELIZABETH DAVIS RICHARDS.

The Arm of the Law

A Dragoman rides on the storm, his breath blowing hot
With a conqueror's lust; jangle of spur, and rein
Held taut, his horse leaps hard with a fury begot.

Of brute-blind passion. None may hinder—O futile to to flee
The Dragoman's wrath! Long is his arm, and his blade
Whetted fine to the rasp of itching intensity.

Fiercer than flame the heat of his white-hot grail;
Grimmer than Hell his unleashed, mad desire—
He strikes; hosts fall like grain at the swing of a flail.

O, a holocaust his, slaked only in Rivers of Red!
What boots it that humans are shambled like beasts in a pen?
On, on! though I breed foul stench in the nostrils of men—
I lay my hands on the Living . . . they rot with the Dead!

HALA JEAN HAMMOND.

Correspondence

Mr. Hoover—Is He a Great President?

Editor of UNITY: I rubbed my eyes when I opened the November 4th issue, and read your praise of Herbert Hoover's administration, with its efforts to exhaust the vocabulary of praise—"awe-inspiring," "stupendous," et cetera. I find myself wondering whether next week you aren't going to say "April fool," or something like that. Here is one of your readers who will be able to say that you didn't fool him!

Let us forget for a minute the ballyhoo of the capitalist press, and ask ourselves for one thing that Herbert Hoover has done that is of any real benefit to the American people. He has enormously strengthened the hands of those powerful forces which are plundering the public, and he has done not one thing to weaken those forces. He could not possibly do it, because his whole philosophy is in favor of capitalism and against the development of social control. The great menace of our time is the water power trust, and Herbert Hoover is the best servant it has ever had. Has he done anything to foil the conspiracy to keep Muscle Shoals idle? He has not. He is now insisting that the machinery for the Boulder Dam power plant be privately owned, and he is giving the power trust an equal share with the city of Los Angeles. As a Californian Hoover knows perfectly well that the power trust here is the bitter enemy of every step toward public service and even regulation. It buys all our elections to defeat the public interests, and Hoover is backing it in every way he can.

Ask the farmer of the middle west and the northwest what he has done for them. Ask the unemployed the same question. He has had no program upon either of these desperately grave matters. He can not have a program, because both problems are insolvable under Hoover's beloved capitalist system. Instead of giving us a constructive program for prompt prohibition enforcement, he has turned the whole problem over to a commission. He allows the mad frenzy of Wall Street gambling to continue, and he never dreams of putting that mighty mind to work to tell us how to stop it. The wholesale graft of the bankers continues to absorb most of the profits of our industries, and nothing is done about that. In a grandiloquent speech Hoover takes to himself the credit for the improvement of our rivers—a policy laid out by his predecessors—but you don't hear him saying anything about the saving of our canal system, which has been condemned to decay by the railway interests. To be sure, Hoover is talking peace, and I suppose that is what pleases you especially; but everybody is talking peace just now, and will continue to talk peace until capitalism has got ready for its next great war. Ramsay MacDonald came, and Hoover was polite. But any other president would have been the same under the circumstances.

If you want to make a little test of Mr. Herbert Hoover's politeness, I suggest you pay a call on him and ask him whether he intends to perform his constitutional duty to stop the reign of terror and murder maintained by the mill-owners of North Carolina. When you get through with that interview you will say to yourself, "April fool."

UPTON SINCLAIR.

[A Reply]

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

I want to acknowledge your very interesting letter about my little editorial note on President Hoover, and to say that I shall of course print it as promptly as possible in our Correspondence columns.

In explanation and extenuation of my attitude I must say two things.

First, wholly apart from all matters of opinion, I am enormously impressed by Herbert Hoover's capacity as an administrator and his ability to run the machinery of the American government and make it function. It may be that the functioning is not according to your ideas and mine—we might well wish to hitch up the machine to other purposes—but I beg to remind you that I am now talking about a man's capacity as a political engineer and

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY CONFERENCE

Twenty-five years ago on April 15th, 1904, in Carnegie Hall, New York City, the first meeting of the National Child Labor Committee was held.

An anniversary conference to review the progress made during the quarter of a century just completed and to discuss the tasks that still remain in this field, will be held at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City, on December 16th and 17th.

Among those who have accepted invitations to address the meetings of the conference are: Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of New York; Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Commissioner of Health, New York City; Dr. William John Cooper, Chief of the U. S. Office of Education; Dr. Felix Adler, first Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the National Child Labor Committee; Mr. Owen R. Lovejoy, for nearly twenty years its Executive Secretary; Miss Frances Perkins, Industrial Commissioner of New York State; Miss Ruth Morgan, Third Vice-President, Department of International Co-operation to Prevent War, National League of Women Voters; Miss Anne Davis, Director, Vocational Guidance Bureau, Board of Education, Chicago. Mr. Robert E. Simon and Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin.—*The American Child.*

A PLEDGE OF ACCEPTANCE OF THE WORLD PEACE PACT

We are profoundly thankful to God for the Covenant of of World Peace which was ratified by the Government of the United States on January 15, 1929, and became binding on all the participating nations on July 24, 1929.

We rejoice in the declarations made by the Governments in the two central articles of this treaty:

"I. The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

"II. The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

Realizing that the value of this Peace Pact is dependent on the intelligent and determined support given it by the people of each nation, and

Believing that Christians have special responsibility in securing and maintaining this support,

We hereby accept for ourselves these pledges of our Government on our behalf, and will do whatever lies in our power to bring to others an understanding of the meaning and significance of the Pact.

"If this agreement (the Pact) is to fulfill its high purpose, we and other nations must accept its consequences; we must clothe faith and idealism with action."—Memorial Day address, 1929, Herbert Hoover.

"The churches of every land should cultivate among their members the vision, courage and faith essential to this program. For the achievement of this program the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America pledges earnest effort."—(Bishop) Francis J. McConnell, Pres. Federal Council of Churches.

Blessed Are the Peace Makers

This "Pledge of Acceptance of the World Peace Pact" has been prepared and distributed among churches and church schools by the Commission on International Justice and Good-will of the Federal Council of Churches. It is suggested that the Pledge be signed by authorized representatives of the church and of the church school, the women's organizations and young people's groups.

It is proposed, too, that at some suitable public service of the church or church school the Pledge be read aloud impressively while the people stand. The leader asks: "Do you approve this Pledge of Acceptance?" The people answer: "We do." Those authorized to sign the Pledge will then be asked to affix their signatures, the people remaining standing. This will be followed by a brief prayer for divine blessing and help in carrying out the pledge given.

The Pledge, when signed, will be suitable for framing.

IDEALS OF THE NEW HISTORY SOCIETY

"The hosts of the Kingdom of Abha are drawn up and filed in battle array on the plain of the Supreme Apex and are expecting that a band of volunteers may step upon the field of action with the intention of Service, so that they may assist that band and make it victorious and triumphant."—Abdul Baha.

The New History Society consists of a band of volunteers who have

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I think that Hoover's capacity is of the very first order. It may shine the more brilliantly in contrast with his predecessor's utter incapacity to do anything. While Coolidge was president the machinery of government was rattling in every part and smashing itself to pieces like a rickety automobile. Hoover seems to me to have pulled everything together and made the thing work to perfection. The very fact that he has tumbled into political difficulty is the best kind of proof that he is doing things as an administrator in a situation where people have gotten so used to nothing being done that confusion and opposition are inevitable. I have always admired a man who is a *doer*. In spite of all that my mind tells me about Napoleon, for example, I still feel the inward thrill of admiration for Napoleon as, from this standpoint, the greatest man who ever lived. This may very well be a mental defect or a moral lapse on my part. But what's the use of my trying to deny it when it exists?

Secondly, my editorial note was undoubtedly prompted by my profound conviction that Herbert Hoover is doing more for the cause of peace than any man who has lived in our time; that he has at least one chance in a hundred of ending war, and I want to have him given this chance if it exists. As compared with the war problem, nothing else seems to me to be of any importance at all. If we don't get rid of war the whole world is going to smash and such questions as Muscle Shoals, inland waterways, the Boulder Dam, etc., etc., etc., are of utter and complete insignificance. I find myself such a fanatic on the war question that my Socialist convictions seem to fade away as a kind of a mirage. So when I see Hoover, with his enormous capacity as an administrator and executive, moving steadily and surely and patiently to the solution of this problem, I feel but the single desire to uphold his hands and praise God that he is in the seat of power. MacDonald, certainly a good Socialist like you and me, gives to all of us an example of what our attitude should be toward Hoover. All other questions aside, MacDonald has made up his mind to work with Hoover to the end of getting peace, if this be humanely possible. That's my mind precisely.

I seem to detect in your letter one of the things which most depresses and grieves me, and that is unwillingness to accept a man for what he's worth and all he's worth because he doesn't happen to believe and do exactly what one would like. Isn't that the orthodox state of mind which explains all the persecutions of the Christian church, the faults and infamies of the Ku Klux Klan, the insanities of Communism, and the doctrinaire futilities of so much Socialism? God knows I fail enough in trying to live up to my ideals, but this I want to testify, and that is that I try as a matter of principle to accept every man for what he is as contrasted with what I would like him to be, and then give him such support and praise as he may deserve on this basis. Hoover is a Republican and I am a Socialist, and I disagree with him in nearly every article of domestic policy. But I still regard him as one of the greatest men alive today in point of sheer capacity and high purpose, and I regard his headship of this country in the era of MacDonald in England as like the conjunction of two planets which spell happiness for men.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

stepped forth upon the field of action intent on serving their fellow-men.

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The promotion of the principles of the Oneness of the world of humanity.

The expansion of the teachings of international Conciliation.

The diffusion of the Ideals of Love, Mercy, Justice, Right and Liberty.

The gathering together of the Children of the New Race.

The declaration of the Evangel of Happiness and Joy.

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To promulgate the constructive and universal principles of the BAHAI Movement.

To lay the unshakable foundation of the palace of human Brotherhood.

To assist in practical and spiritual methods every cause that cherishes the golden Dream of the Millennium.

To help by all means possible the evolution of the powers of the mind and the unfolding of the realities of spirit.

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Its path is the path of unending upward progress, from world to world, from star to star, from constellation to constellation, forever and without end.

Its message is love and service—love for all mankind and service to be rendered to every living creature.

Its call is to all the awakened and forward-looking men and women to arise and band together, irrespective of race, color, religion and creed and banish from the face of the earth the spectres of:

War, Poverty, Sickness, Prejudice, Ignorance, Falsehood.

And to replace them with the benevolent and beatific spirits of:

Peace, Prosperity, Health, Appreciation, Wisdom, Truth.

Realizing the sacredness and nobility of this divine task, the members of the New History Society consecrate without reservation their lives, their ability, their utter devotion and their manifold resources to the promulgation of the above ideals in all parts of the world.

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